To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her Mistris.
Por. Is this true, *Nerrissa*?
Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.
Bass. And do you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. Wee'l play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What, and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere, *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
What, and my olde venetian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.

Bass Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
Sweete *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did entreate me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it; Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

He opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yon stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?

How

How doth that royall
I know he will be glad
We are the *Iasons*, we h
Sal. I would you ha
Por. There are some
That steales the colour
Some deare friend dea
Could turne so much t
Of any constant man:
With leaue *Bassanio*, I
And I must freely haue
That this same paper b
Bass. O sweete *Por*
Heere are a few of the
That euer blotted pap
When I did first impar
I freely told you all the
Ran in my veines, I wa
And then I told you tr
Rating my selfe at not
How much I was a Br
My state was nothing,
That I was worse then
I haue ingag'd my selfe
Ingag'd my friend to h
To feed my meanes. H
The paper as the body
And euery word in it a
Issuing life blood. But
Hath all his ventures fa
From *Tripolis*, from *M*
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*,
And not one vessell sca
Of Merchant-marring
Sal. Not one my L
Besides, it should appe